PS 3515
.E77 C3
1915
Copy 1

Canzona Amorosa

By Harold Hersey.

1915
Privately Printed

PS3515
.E77 C3
1915

100 Copies Printed and
Type Distributed.

Gift
Author
(Person)
OCT 7 1915

E.G. 3. Oct 13-15

CANZONA AMOROSA

AUTUMN.

1.

I had one glimpse of Autumn's eyes,
One glimpse and that was all,
Just chance to look with swift surprise
And hear her tender call.

I loitered near her heart a day,
A day I loitered near,
But then she laughed and turned away
And left the lonely year.

And ah! I heard her tender breath
Draw fast and then draw faster,
Her limbs and lips grew cold as death
And Winter was our master.

WINTER.

2.

Many days have passed since we met,
Many more shall pass ere I forget,
Many hours of unrest have now gone
And my heart is yet silent of song.

3.

Earth! Air! Water! Fire!
Come back into my soul again,
Come back, come back, ere my desire
Flees and I return to men.

I linger near the fresh green earth,
I linger near, I linger near,
And listen to the sounds of mirth
And wonder why I've but a tear.

I roam within the country air,
I wander o'er the templed hills,
And ponder why the fields aren't fair
And why my heart no longer thrills.

I've baked beneath the sun's hot fire,
And roamed beneath the woodland shade,
I've searched to find my heart's desire
And only found the grave it made.

4.

The flowers that were rich and rare,
That sprung up from the land,
Frail flowers that I found so fair,
Now wither in my hand;
The woods I found so cool and still.
The grass so soft and green,
The splendor of the haunted hill,
The stillness all serene;
The soothing music of the stream,
The voices of the birds,
Have vanished in a mystic dream
To memories of words.

5.

The earth is shedding all its summer bloom,
The skies are clearer and the fields grow bare,
Winter's here and every flower's doom
Is now foretold by sharpness of the air.

The winter winds they sigh, they sigh,
The winter winds are crisper,
The breezes raise a lonely cry
And in the branches whisper.

The clouds race faster through the heaven's blue,
Their journey's are less gay and less serene,
The meadows merge into the strangest hue,
A mixture of deep brown and lightest green.

One hears the bird's swift fleeing overhead,
The farewell call and rush of flapping wings;
I've hoped in vain . . . Summer and Autumn are dead . .
"They're dead, they're dead," each flower and leaflet sings.

The winter winds they sigh, they sigh—
The winter winds are crisper;
The breezes raise a lonely cry
And in the branches whisper.

6.

I have waited and watched in wonder,
I've run and I've romped in the rain,
I have laughed with the mighty thunder . . . .
But ah, shall I smile again?

I have heard the raindrops falling
And beat at the window pane,
I have answered the Summer's calling . . . .
But ah, shall I smile again?

7.

From my small window I can see
The skeleton of every tree
Now bleak and cold against the sky;
They quiver as the winds blow by.

How lorn all looks! How sad appear
The closing months of every year!
I hear the sleigh bells through the night
And winter birds in hurried flight.

I huddle near the blazing fire
And try to quench my heart's desire
For Summer's happy carefree tale;
Instead I hear the Winter's wail.

CANZONA AMOROSA

8.

SPRING.

SHE IS MINE.

9.

Shall I tell how I found my lost love in the hills?
How we met where the rain glistened bright on the trees?
Now my feet do not go as my fancy so wills
Nor my mind change as fast as the breath of the breeze.

No, I'll tell of the stream, of the woods, of the days,
How they look to a lover once loved by a maid
Who came back with her laugh and her tender, sweet ways,
And who met her beloved in the smile of the shade.

10.

The woods that once appeared so dark and drear
Now seem a maze of every tinge of green;
The blackness that I once turned from in fear
Now seems a bower filled with calm serene.

The mountains towering against the sky
Smile on my fleeting sadness and the stream
That once to me voiced but an endless sigh
Now sings a song, the knell of my dead dream.

The winding road invites me, fields await,
The birds brush by my shoulder with their song . . .
And I . . . . why I laugh back at bitter fate
And marvel at so strange a thing as wrong!

11.

I laugh and the wild woods wonder,
I call and the mountains thunder
"We are one, we are one, we are one."

12.

The fresh young buds now blossom free,
The buds I bring to her,
Soft buds that seem to say to me,
"See how we cling to her."

The birds that chirp among the trees
All seem to wing to her,
And every breath of springtime breeze
Doth only softly sing to her.

13.

SUMMER
(*and ever after*).

I took the heart that panted to be mine
And looked in eyes that mirrored past unrest,
And with a kiss made all our love divine,
Then hand in hand we sank into the west.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 015 938 095 6